

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

CURIOSITIES IN NAMES.

Derivation of Many Common English and Feminine Appellations.

Among the many interesting features connected with the Indian names of the American continent, there is none more curious and remarkable than the fact that many of our common English appellations—especially names of females—are discoverable in the ancient titles of the red men. And at the same time it is known also that the occurrence is not the result of any effort on the part of the aborigines of the country to reproduce the English or European words or to insert them knowingly in geographical titles.

We find, for instance, the name Anna in the aboriginal titles of many American rivers, as an Huronian and Rivanna, in Virginia. The name Tennessee, as Hannah, is in Susquehanna, of Pennsylvania, and in Hannah-hatchie, of Georgia. (Hannah-hatchie means the Hannah river—hatchie being a term in many of the aboriginal southern dialects for river.) The term Anna is found in the Indian names of waters—sometimes in the pronunciations, as aw-nee or wannee, as in Lackawanna or Suwanee. Annee or Anna is a term found in several of the old Semitic languages for stream or fountain. In the Hebrew it is abbreviated an and en. In Arabic it is either ana or ain.

Our names Sarah and Sallie are found in many Indian names of waters. Sallacoi, or Salliquoy, is in Tennessee and Georgia. Sara is the old native name of a bayou in Louisiana. Sara is in the New York name Saranac, for our fathers, not content with suppressing the red man himself, suppressed much of his language—especially the final vowel sounds in the names—as these initials were supposed to be but a superfluous guttural sound, the savage tongue.

This old Indian name Saranac is precisely the same word which the ancients had for the Egean sea—Saronica—in Latin feminine. Sara is also an ancient old word for river. The modern Arabic sar, suhr or shur is a corruption of the true word, which has gone also into the English name Surrey. But few persons are aware of the fact that Sallie is simply an oriental pronunciation of the word we write Sarah. The Chinese especially reject the sounds of r in all words.

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AVENGED AT LAST;

Or, a World-Wide Chase.

A STORY OF RETRIBUTION.

BY "WABASH."

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CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

These and similar thoughts crowded Percy's brain as they sailed through the heavy mist hanging over the Mersey to the Liverpool docks. Rosting in the great sea-port but a few hours he went direct to London. One might have supposed that he would have sought the home of his childhood; but that had long lost all charm for him. He had but one present purpose to fulfill; and in importance it seemed to him paramount to all others.

He arrived in London about two days after Mr. Emerick; yet, although at arms' length apart, they never confronted each other in the crowded streams of human life which surged up and down the city's streets.

Mrs. Delaro and Armida also returned to London about the same time. Eugene Brey lost no time in calling on them, and they expressed much delight at seeing him; while he, on his part, was overjoyed beyond measure, and seemed so pleased that he acted almost foolishly. He at once made himself exceedingly familiar and insisted on accompanying the ladies everywhere they went.

That he would have no opportunity of speaking to Armida in private while in the busy, noisy city, amid the incessant din of business, pleasure-seekers and callers, Eugene invited her to take a trip with him as far as Richmond.

This beautiful spot was looking its best. In true English fashion they went to the "Star and Garter," the most fashionable hotel in the place, and partook of tea served in the conventional manner, with cold meats, chickens, salads, watercourses, etc.

Afterwards they walked up the hill to the park, and there, while sitting on the grass in a place where they could obtain a fine view of that exquisite bit of valley scenery, they commenced to talk.

Armida seemed as though she could not take her eyes from the sight which lay before her. It was not rugged or romantic, such as Armida had known in her own country—it was purely English—a grassy valley along which flowed the Thames, hemmed in by sloping hillsides covered with parks and ancient forests. She thought it was the most pleasing and entrancing sight she had ever beheld. As far as the eye could reach the waters of the Thames could be seen winding through the valley like a silver ribbon. On the sides of the quiet river the hillsides were covered with luxuriant foliage of the brightest hues, and the surface of the river was flecked with little pleasure craft, whose gay-colored canopies added to the brightness, if not the grandeur, of the scene.

Now and then a few bars of a sprightly catch or glee would be wafted upon the gentle breeze from the pleasure-seekers on the water below. Eugene allowed Armida to revel in the exceptional beauty of the scene for a time and then approached gently the subject nearest his heart. He did it clumsily enough, but with the utmost confidence that he would be successful in his suit.

"Miss Delaro," he said, hesitatingly, "I have brought you here to tell you something."

Armida looked at him quizzically, and said: "It must be something of a very important nature if you found it necessary to bring me all the way here for the purpose of telling me."

"Yes, it is, indeed. I wanted to tell you that—I love you," he said.

There were probably the very last words which Armida would have expected to hear from his lips, and all at once she recognized that she had acted unwisely. In the next few seconds she accused herself of numberless unwise actions to which she had never given thought before. She blamed herself for leading this young man on to such an extent and in a moment bitterly repented that she had not acted with more discretion. All these thoughts were chasing each other with frightful rapidity through her mind, and she was trying to formulate a reply when Eugene spoke again:

"May I ever hope for some return of my passion?" he asked. Still Armida could not answer, though she knew that Eugene could wait a few seconds misanthropically for her to speak, or she could say that she did not speak.

At last, with an effort, she gathered her senses and replied: "Eugene, you have made a great mistake; such a

mistake as I have never made before. I am not in love with you, and I never will be."

"Then your actions have belied you," said Eugene, rudely.

"If they have it has been contrary to my intentions," replied the beautiful girl. "I would not for the world have misled you."

"That is a pretty speech to make now," said Eugene. "You ought to have thought of that in the by-gone months and not have delayed me," he continued in a passionate manner, and told her how she had led him, by her kind and sympathetic actions, to think she must have some greater regard than friendship for him, and assumed the injured air of one who had been greatly wronged. But it made no change in Armida; she admitted the truth of his assertions, but insisted that it could not change her sentiments.

Eugene pleaded, but his strenuous efforts were of no avail, and it was within a minute a day, which will amount to over seven days in seventy years.—*Jewellers' Circular.*

Wasting Life. Ponsby—You look very lugubrious, old man.

Popinjay—I feel so, dear Pons. My life is ebbing away. This watch loses a minute a day, which will amount to over seven days in seventy years.—*Jewellers' Circular.*

Indignant Landlord—If you don't pay up, you go. I'll have you fired right into the street, bag and baggage. You haven't paid a cent in six months.

Delinquent Tenant—Don't do that. I'll be disgraced in the eyes of the neighbors. Rather than have you fire me out, I'd stand your raising the rent from \$20 to \$30 a month.—*Texas Siftings.*

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Armida was tearfully relating the occurrences of the evening to her mother, Eugene and his father were closeted together in another part of the city.

"I am convinced it is nothing but my poverty which keeps that girl from loving me; she is as proud as an old Spanish countess, but I will humble her yet. You can count on me to lend all the assistance you require in securing that fortune which lies waiting for the owner, and the sooner we commence the better." So spoke Eugene.

Persuasion had failed to destroy the young man's morals, but the green-eyed monster had gained an easy victory over his good intentions.

"Now you are talking sense, my boy. We will get to business at once. I have a man ready to go to New York and I know he will act fair and square and divide with us when the time comes. So the sooner you get that handwriting the better. If you have any smartness at all about you you can easily do it, and we must have the writing to carry the thing through." These were the words which Eugene's answer elicited. He listened attentively and asked:

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"The first step will have to be taken by you," said Eugene. "I will make a suggestion. The man who is to personate Percy Lovel is an expert penman and can easily learn to sign his name like the Englishman, but you must get the copy; and the best means I know will be this: you had better maintain your present position as the Delaros and tell Armida that you made a great mistake which will need sever your friendship. You will then be speedily reinstated in your former position with the family. Then some fortnight or sooner the boy—try and close your eyes—Mr. Blodger, whom you say is with them, to take Armida and his fat boy to the exhibition, or anywhere out of the way, and you can stay to keep Mrs. Delaro company. If you do not make an opportunity during that time to get one of those Englishman's letters you are quite as active and smart as I think you are."

"Yes," replied Eugene. "That appears to be a feasible plan, and the least we can do is to give it a trial."

So they parted on this understanding, little thinking under what auspices their next meeting would take place.

CHAPTER XX.

When Eugene next called on Armida he did as his father had suggested. He told her that he had made a great mistake and asked her permission to remain on friendly terms so that he might continue to improve himself under her tuition and guidance.

Armida gladly consented and he was once more welcomed to the Delaro circle.

He did not again see his father for several days, and was therefore unable to report, but fortune favored his plans and one afternoon when Eugene was feigning hard study with Armida, Mr. Blodger came bounding into the room and announced that he was going to see the matinee performance at the Wild West show and invited them all to accompany him. Armida at once accepted the invitation and so did her mother, but Eugene made the excuse that his head ached.

"All the more reason why you should go," said Blodger. "I will drive your headache away."

Still Eugene would not be persuaded and Armida put it down to sensibility. When the excursion was not to be spoiled, however, by his refusal, Mrs. Delaro suggested that he should stay at home and "keep house," as she playfully termed it. This was exactly what Eugene wanted, and nothing could have suited him better. He so readily consented, and the party went out leaving him to act as he pleased.

Mr. Blodger was in his element. He took the little party through the American Exhibition; pointed out those things in which he was especially interested, and finally they reached the Wild West show and entered a private box, which Mr. Blodger had already engaged. The performance, so familiar to most Americans, commenced. Everything went along pleasantly, and every body was delighted, until the show came to a close. After the performance, the actor of it, Hon. Buffalo Bill, held one of his celebrated receptions, while the visitors interested themselves in examining the tents of the Indians, the bucking bronchos and all the paraphernalia of the Wild West.

At last, everything had been seen, Mr. Blodger and his party turned to go. As they did so a disturbance suddenly took place near where they stood and two men could be seen struggling on the ground. The one seemed many years younger than the other and he was evidently holding his own with the older man with an embrace which he intended should be lasting. With true English instinct the crowd gathered around the two men to see the fight, but when they noticed the disparity in age they murmured "Shame! Shame!" Still nobody tried to part them until a burly policeman pushed his way through the crowd and endeavored to part the combatants.

With the help of a bystander he raised the struggling men to their feet, but still the younger man held on and would not loosen his hold.

"I will not let him go," he cried.

The people thought him crazy. At first it seemed to be only a drunken squabble, but the onlookers soon noticed that each of the men were well dressed and then they knew that something more serious than a momentary quarrel must be the cause of the disturbance.

The younger man who cried out so loudly was flushed and hot; his cheeks and neck were red as fast flowing blood could make them; but the older man was pallid with the sickly hue of death.

This was only the commencement of the trouble, however. The crowd had a delectable treat in store for them. Mrs. Delaro was about to retreat from the spot when she heard and recognized a voice she knew well. She at once turned and raising her veil looked toward where the burly policeman stood holding his two prisoners. There she beheld a sight which made her heart leap for joy. Without a word to her companions she ran towards the policeman and throwing her way through the crowd grasped the young man's arm and cried out:

"Percy Lovel! You alive! In Heaven's name, what is the matter?"

Percy turned his eyes towards her and in the same moment gave the man he held a powerful twist which brought his face in contact with Mrs. Delaro's, and shouted: "Do you recognize him?"

Did she? Ah, this was the supreme moment of years of anxiety and pent-up hatred. Throwing her arms back with a tragic air, she exclaimed in joyful accents: "Leon Valasquez! My husband's murderer! Thank Heaven, we meet at last!"

Then they fell to talking of the many useless efforts which they had made to capture the villain. "Now," said Mrs. Delaro, "that I know that he is safe in the hands of the law, I feel that I can spend the closing days of my life in rest and peace. You, Percy," she said, "have been my true and devoted friend all through and will not leave me now. To you we owe every thing, and you are the only friend upon whom we can rely in future."

"But where is our dear old friend, Mr. Wilcox?" asked Percy, who listened with surprise to these words.

"Do you not know?" said Mrs. Delaro, opening her eyes with astonishment.

"No," replied Percy. "I stayed only a short time in New York, and the people at the house said he had accompanied you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

If the words had been magic they could not have had a quicker or stronger influence on the policeman. He was instantly awakened to the seriousness of the situation and in less than a minute it takes to write it he had managed the accused man, and was bearing him off towards one of the offices, telling Mrs. Delaro and Percy to follow him.

Mr. Blodger, Armida, and Stephen Blodger, Jr., had immediately followed Mrs. Delaro to ascertain what the extraordinary movement on her part meant, and Mrs. Delaro followed the policeman, Armida drew near to her and excitedly asked: "Mother, dear, what does all this mean?"

"It means, my child, that we have run him to earth at last—oh, at last, at last!"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Hush child—the man who murdered your dear, dear father many years ago, the man whom he trusted, Leon Valasquez."

Armida had almost forgotten that her father had been murdered, but this was no time for explanations, and Armida did not ask for one, but she did ask: "Who is that man walking on the left of the policeman, mother?"

"That is the man who murdered your father," said Mrs. Delaro, "and we have so long mourned as dead."

Then, without any regard to appearances, the impetuous girl rushed after Percy, and shook his hands with a heartiness that gave both him and her mother great pleasure, but which would have smothered Eugene's hopes forever had he witnessed the deep genuineness of her welcome.

A moment later the policeman took his prisoner into the office, and Mrs. Delaro and her party followed. During all the time the prisoner did not utter a word. He was allowed to sit down, and when once he raised his blanched, terror-stricken face, Armida immediately recognized it.

"Mother, that is Mr. Emerick; there must be some mistake."

"No mistake, my child. I know Leon Valasquez's face too well to ever forget it."

Meantime, cabs had been ordered, and the prisoner, accompanied by two policemen, entered one, while the others were occupied by the rest of the party, and they drove away from the police station. Eugene was entered, and Mrs. Delaro and Percy were instructed to appear next day and give their evidence against the prisoner.

The entire party then returned to the hotel together. Mr. Blodger, who was considerably mystified and wished to

hear the whole story, decided to accompany the party, and of course he had to take his heavy-weight son along with him.

When they were once more seated in the Delaro occupied, Armida was the first to speak—

"Where is Mr. Brey? Did he not say he would wait until we returned?"

"Probably he felt too unwell to remain and went to his hotel," said her mother, but no sooner had she said the words than her head came into the room crying and sobbing: "Oh, Mrs. Delaro, they have taken Mr. Brey to the police station, and there has been terrible trouble here."

"Taken Mr. Brey to the police station? Why what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Delaro.

"As well as she could, in her excited state, the girl related how one of the porters, in passing the door which was slightly ajar, had seen Mr. Brey standing over Miss Armida's writing desk trying to open the man's letter."

At last, everything had been seen, Mr. Blodger and his party turned to go. As they did so a disturbance suddenly took place near where they stood and two men could be seen struggling on the ground. The one seemed many years younger than the other and he was evidently holding his own with the older man with an embrace which he intended should be lasting. With true English instinct the crowd gathered around the two men to see the fight, but when they noticed the disparity in age they murmured "Shame! Shame!" Still nobody tried to part them until a burly policeman pushed his way through the crowd and endeavored to part the combatants.

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SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

THE SINGLE TAX BEFORE THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

Letter of Warren Worth Bailey in The Standard.

The expediency of adopting the single tax will be investigated by a committee of the Illinois legislature. This much we are sure of, as the result of our trip to Springfield on Tuesday, when the question of appointing a special committee to inquire into the subject was set for a hearing in the house. Our club sent a delegation of five, consisting of Messrs. John Z. White, Edward Os-

good Brown, Herbert Darlington, Frank W. Irwin and W. W. Bailey. Several others had intended to go, but could not get away. The single tax delegation was reinforced by Mr. John C. Harding, president of the Illinois Federation of Labor, the whole crowd going down Monday night on the legislative train from this city. At Springfield they were joined by Messrs. Hill and Buchner, of the Peoria club, and a number of the local friends, who treated the visitors very kindly during their short stay.

The resolution calling for the appointment of the desired committee was introduced by Hon. John T. Norsworthy, editor of the Carmi Partisan, and the matter was in his hands. He had succeeded in having it made a special order of the day, and he was now in a haste to assure us that he would do all in his power to meet our wishes for an investigation. "I have been studying the single tax for four years," he said in his hearty and earnest way, "and I am anxious to learn more about it. The present system of taxation is as rotten as hell, and it is time to get it out of there. You must supply me with all the information at your command, and as soon as possible I will arrange to have you present your case in full. If it can be done I hope you will get Thomas G. Shearman to come out here and address us on the subject of the single tax. He could do great good." As Mr. Norsworthy is also a member of the committee we feel that the able gentleman who moved to have the question referred as it was rather than to a special committee has been good to our petard. In any event we will get the most that we expected, a hearing, and that is enough just at present.

The Decadence of the Roman Empire.

The idea of absolute individual property in land, which modern civilization derived from Rome, reached its full development in the hands of the emperors. When the future mistress of the world first loomed up, each citizen had his little homestead plot, which was inalienable, and the general domain—the corn-land which was of public right—was subject to common use, without any regulations or conditions, which secured equality, as in the Teutonic mark and Swiss allmend. It was from this public domain, constantly extended by conquest, that the patrician families succeeded in carving their great estates. These great estates, by the power with which the great attracts the less, in spite of temporary checks by legal limitation and recurring divisions, finally crushed out all the small proprietors, adding their little patrimonies to the latifundia of the enormously rich, while the rest of the population were forced into the slave gangs, or else were driven into the freshly conquered foreign provinces, where land was given to the veterans of the legions